

92103

mercredi

3pm le 20, 2, '19 "This gap... is for men"

'Is there no man

who will stand  
in the gap?

The words chill, cut;

Why not me,  
why, indeed?

Why born like this:

honor-less, strength-less

Fragile g bone and breast,

why was I cursed:

born as a woman?

Why may I not stand,  
fight, defend with honor,

Stand in that gap,

upon the razed edge

between blow and shield,

pain and reprise,

despair and hope:

may I too,

not stand??

21.2.19 92103

9:50 Am

"God's Tears"

The sky is crying again.

First one tear, then three,

Then the long wail.

'It's <sup>only</sup> wind,' they say;

but I know the truth:

the awe-filling, pain-spilling,

blood-curdling reason

That howl upon the wind

masked by cars and trees

Despair is the sound of despair

Despair(?)  
The despair of the very O

The one process of creation

The one soul of humanity

The one hope of Earth

for we ~~her~~ children are

We heed nothing of it

Neither her cries,

nor the cries of our feet

man nor beast - all

starving  
all are dying for a fat

So, The One, God,

"To The 2nd"

Sunday